Table of Contents

1. I
2. 2
3. 3
4. 4
5. 5
6. 6
7. 7
8. 8
9. 9
10. 10
11. 11
12. 12
13. 13
14. 14
15. 15
16. 16
17. 17
18. 18
19. 19
20. 20
21. 21
22. 22
23. 23
24. 24
25. 25
26. 26
27. 27
28. 28
29. 29
30. 30
31. 31
32. 32
33. 33
34. 34

35. 35
36. 36
37. 37
38. 38
39. 39
40. 40
41. 41
42. 42
43. 43
44. 44
45. 45
46. 46
47. 47
48. 48
49. 49
50. 50
51. 51
52. 52
53. 53
54. 54
55. 55
56. 56
57. 57
58. 58
59. 59
60. 60
61. 61
62. 62
63. 63
64. 64
65. 65
66. 66
67. 67
68. 68
69. 69
70. 70
71. 71
72. 72
73. 73
74. 74

75. 75
76. 76
77. 77
78. 78
79. 79
80. 80
81. 81
82. 82
83. 83
84. 84
85. 85
86. 86
87. 87
88. 88
89. 89
90. 90
91. 91
92. 92
93. 93
94. 94
95. 95
96. 96
97. 97
98. 98
99. 99
100. 100
101. 101
102. 102
103. 103
104. 104
105. 105
106. 106
107. 107
108. 108
109. 109
110. 110
111. 111
112. 112
113. 113
114. 114

115. 115
116. 116
117. 117
118. 118
119. 119
120. 120
121. 121
122. 122
123. 123
124. 124
125. 125
126. 126
127. 127
128. 128
129. 129
130. 130
131. 131
132. 132
133. 133
134. 134
135. 135
136. 136
137. 137
138. 138
139. 139
140. 140
141. t r i v i a
142. authors note!

I

oh, hello there! i didn't see you at first; my name is briarpetal.

[image]

another warning for those who haven't realized, by continuing you agree that you are comforable with the following; lgbt+ characters, death, gore, mental and physical disorders, abuse, fights and more. if any of this makes you uncomfortable then i suggest you do not read this or proceeded with caution. you have been warned.

2

i *am* a warrior for cypressclan, though i was also a kittypet and queen. my old kittypet name was antoinette.

3

i was born a kittypet, and i was treated like a princess because of my beautiful white fur and brown coloring on my face and back.

4

even my tail was brown!

5

my life was normal, as almost every other kittypets life was.

6

Though I was quite different.

7

my twolegs were always bringing other fancy twolegs over to make a replica of me!

8

now i don't mean a living form of me, just one on those white, thin, things that when I looked at it, it showed me.

not like a river though, those clear reflective things are what they used to prepare me for the flashing machines.

10

they would admit a bright light and often when we went outside, many people would try and pet me.

11

i enjoyed the attention, though i always felt empty.

12

my twolegs would always have me breed with cats, though I didn't care and neither would the tom.

13

they always took my precious kits away.

14

i couldn't stand it, I wanted to. . . to run away, ya know?

15

and then soon after that my life changed.

16

i know that this sounds like a cliche elders story, but i don't think it is. . . well i sure do hope it's not, because every part of this is true.

17

I was laying down in my kittypet bed, it was right next to a thin, transparent wall, which was currently opened at the time.

18

then, all of a sudden, another kittypet crawled into the den!

19

he had long, gray fur and a flat face with stunning yellow eyes.

20

if only I had known.

21

those eyes. . .

22

please make it stop. . .

23

. . .

24

im sorry. . .

25

I didn't mean to scare any cat like that.

26

it's just. . . those eyes. . .

27

I hate those eyes. . .

28

i hate them!

29

oh. . . right. . . where were we?

30

we were talking about *him*.

31

well, i suppose you are curious to hear his name.

32

bangalter.

33

that *was* his name.

34

before we both ran away, that is.

35

so i was taking a nap, like I said, when he jumps into our den.

36

well, i was so startled!

37

when he said 'hello' i almost jumped out of my skin!

38

my twoleg came over and apparently knew him, so the twoleg wasn't mad.

39

a few minutes later, while my twoleg was getting in touch with his twoleg, I got to know him.

40

he told me that he was just like me, and I didn't believe him for a bit.

41

he said to me that the replicas of me are called 'photos' and that he had them as well.

42

i was fascinated and over time we bonded as he regularly came over to our den.

43

before i knew it, i was expecting his kits, though this time i didn't want my kits to be taken.

44

i told him my dilemma and he told me we should run away.

45

"come on! there are a bunch of cats called cypressclan in the forest! they will let you keep your kits," he had said to me with a sweet smile on his face.

46

soon after, we left.

47

when we found the clan, they accepted us almost immediately. they probably just wanted more warriors.

48

bangalter changed his name to thistlejaw. the name suits him.

49

he acted kind for a bit, but then he was getting angrier with each passing day.

50

he was also way older than me, but I still loved him.

51

as i grew closer to kitting, thistlejaw wasn't the tom *i* knew.

52

soon enough came the day of my kitting.

53

i had five beautiful kits.

54

had is the key word.

55

four of my kits died; 'stillborn' the medicine cat told me.

56

when i looked at thistlejaw, his expression was unreadable.

even though the kits were stillborn, that didn't stop the rumors.

they gossiped and whispered about how 'thistlejaw killed his kits.'

59

i believe it was this that led him to grow such a hatred for my daughter and myself.

60

my poor kit. . .

61

i named my only remaining child 'softkit.'

62

it was a simple name for a kit, but I could tell she had a soft heart and her blue eyes seemed to hold a pure, kind, look to every cat in the clan.

63

i was still young and this wasn't my first litter so i was experienced on the feeling of loosing my kits, so i tried to protect her.

64

that didn't stop thistlejaw; his eyes glowed with hate the moment he laid eyes on the small, fluffy, she-cat. i should have tried harder.

65

i know it would have been dangerous for her, but i wish she could have stayed in the nursery a little while longer.

66

soon enough, she was apprentice.

67

the leader gave softkit to thistlejaw to apprentice.

68

I was furious when I figured it out.

69

i tried to bite down on something, anything, to stop myself from shouting; I clenched my teeth so hard I thought they might break.

70

softpaw was getting quiet, and i knew exactly why; i even thought about stuffing foxglove seeds into thistlejaws mouse to stop him.

71

i knew she wouldn't forgive me though, not yet anyways. she loved her dad, but she was loving him less every day.

she flinched whenever someone touched her and hid whenever a cat yelled. she avoided dangerous situations and was eating less as well as getting less sleep.

two of her friends noticed and told me about it, though they were the only cats who asked how she was doing.

they brought her food and water as well as slept next to her to make sure she was alright. she even had the gloomy medicine cat apprentice hanging out with her, scolding her and saying that he didn't need *another* cat in the medicine cats den.

75

while the threat of thistlejaws existence hanged over our heads, i had been meeting with a kind loner by the name of juno.

76

they *were* a tom, though they wanted me to call them a she-cat; i will listen to her wishes.

77

she told me all about how she was made fun of for wanting to be called a she-cat, and my heart ached for her as i knew the feeling of being different.

78

i also had a kit of hers, though it sounds weird when i say it out loud.

79

i promised myself i would never let another cat lay their paws on my kits.

80

this time though, both of my kits survived.

81

i gave birth to a tom and a she-cat who were so alike, they couldn't be told apart.

82

i named the tom mink-kit and the she-cat otterkit.

83

after they were born, softpaw seemed to be springing back.

84

she taught them how to defend themselves, yes i do know why, how to hunt, and she would comfort them when they were upset.

85

otterkit was always around softpaw, either listening to her stories, or playing with her tail and chewing on her ear; she even would chase away other cats when she was sad, saying proudly with her tail in the air, "i didn't trust him."

86

i was glad as she would tell me whenever softpaw was feeling down; which was a lot.

she was finally eating again, and became a role model to the kits and younger apprentices.

88

thank starclan that thistlejaw decided to leave us alone for that time period.

89

speaking of that stone-hearted, apple-brain. . .

90

he soon found out about juno and i, after all, there was no way that mink-kit and otterkit were *his*.

91

he was also disgusted by the two kits, not just softpaw.

92

"there is no possible way that otterkit is my kit," he said, "she is attracted too much to she-cats."

93

"-and mink-kit acts too much like a she-cat," venom traced his words, "there is no way."

94

i was so furious that softpaw had to usher me away from him.

95

i screamed at him, there was absolutely no reason to judge them yet.

96

i could tell that otterkit didn't like toms, she hissed when they came to close and she was always talking about how bad they were.

97

on the other hand, mink-kit didn't care that much about what was normal for toms his age.

98

he did have a higher pitched voice than most kits, but he would grow into it.

99

but he constantly was acting and hanging out wit she-cats, not that it wasn't okay.

100

i still loved him nonetheless.

101

but of course, all good times must come to an end.

102

i was able to actually enjoy myself for a bit as one of the other queens was watching the kits as i took a walk with softpaw.

103

i had already introduced the kits to juno and i had planned to introduce softpaw as well.

104

i know this sounds cliché, but this is the part where thistlejaw jumped out, spitting and hissing at us.

105

softpaw was shrinking down behind me and I got a burst of anger as he lashed out at her.

106

i did what any mother would do and I jumped in front of my kit as his claws drew blood from my face, hitting me to the side from the force.

107

the blood began to seep into my eyes, blurring everything as i began to blindly lash out at the cat i dare called my mate once.

108

i don't remember much, but once i could see again, i was full on fighting with the tom.

109

"SOFTPAW *RUN!*"

110

i had never seen her move so quickly as she sprinted back to camp; her friends would take care of her, but i already knew that thistlejaw would most likely get away with this attack.

111

he probably said something along the lines of, "a loner attacked her."

112

and they would believe him.

113

and no one would see the white fur on his claws.

114

it was clear that i was loosing, as my bones and joints were hurting more often, deeming it hard to move, let alone fight.

115

but i told myself i would die proud if I gave my kit even a few more spare seconds of safety.

116

as i blacked out, the last thing i seen and felt was the large persian swiping my head with his giant paw.

117

then i woke up, starclan knows how much longer later.

118

my entire body felt like it was on fire and as if thorns were being dragged through my skin constantly.

119

i was in the medicine cats den again.

120

thistlejaw got away scot-free.

121

when softpaw and the kits visited me, she whispered into my ear that he had brought her into the woods and said he was leaving the clan.

122

i smiled a little, but my blood went cold as i seen several small marks on her face, along with a long slash across her muzzle.

those weren't going to disappear soon, I just hope he never bothers her again.

124

i wished she could have stayed longer, as it grew cold in the den as soon as she and the twins left.

125

she walked with the medicine cats apprentice as he stood closer than usual, it was obvious he could tell what was going on.

126

i smiled, knowing that she was safe now, her friends would protect her.

127

but for safe measure, i called out to him.

128

"protect her."

129

he nodded.

130

with a small, tiny grin, i closed my eyes and let the darkness welcome me with open paws.

131

my story isn't over though.

132

i look over my kits, and I guide those who have faced the same hate as I have.

133

my scars tell a story, a story that I would relive to make sure that my kits would never feel what I felt.

134

but i don't have to go back.

135

my kits are happy now, and happy they shall stay.

136

so i am here to tell everyone that they are worth it, they are living, just like us and you aren't a monster.

137

for the only monsters here are the ones who try to taint you.

138

i remain here among the stars, telling my story to those who have suffered, to tell them they are not alone.

139

the stars and i are here for you, and you are strong. stronger than any force that comes your way, so conquer those voices, because they don't matter if they are trying to hurt you.

140

now if you will excuse me, someone else needs to be guided
through the story of scars, though there will be more stories lurking
deep within this garden of eris.

t r i v i a

- briarpetal is a siamese cat
- briarpetal's twolegs were famous for fashion designs, so it was quite easy for her to be well known
- bangalter/thistlejaw was the kittypet of a video game music developer
- softpaw grew up to be named softfur, and is in a happy and healthy polygamous relationship
- softfur is a permanent queen due to her chronic arthritis she received from her parents
- mink-kit and otterkit grow up to be minkcatcher and ottercatcher, they have matching suffixes due to how close they are, though many cats didn't like the joke as they are harder to tell apart now
- ottercatcher is homosexual
- minkcatcher is transgender (mtf) and homosexual
- if it isn't clear enough, juno is also a transgirl
- thistlejaw is a gray persian tom
- softfur is a himalayan chocolate point
- briarpetal suffered from arthritis
- briarpetal died from her wounds, and blood loss, which was caused by thistlejaw
- softfur is pansexual demiromantic
- i will take criticism on this book, although this was made very quickly and many spelling errors will occur
- i do not like transphobia or homophobia so if you are transphobic, homophobic, etc, please keep it to yourself
- if you think i haven't done justice to the lgbt+ characters in this book, feel free to tell me
- briarpetal is bisexual biromantic
- the next book on the way is about juno!

a/n, nov. 2nd, 18: i am still working on the sequel, though i will not promise that it will be out soon. perhaps if i have time, i will rewrite this book. my ipod charger is missing, so until i find it, progress will be slow.

authors note!

hello there! if you have gotten here then thank you so much for reading! it's been a few months since i finished writing this and all the positivity i have gotten is outstanding ;w;

i only made this book for fun and to talk about my oc's backstories but this has grown into much more and i thank the few that have read this. stick around because the second book should be out in at least under a few months ^^' all the support i've gotten is able to help me continue on writing so thank you so much for that!

who is the next book about?; juno, the mother of ottercatcher and minkcatcher!

"greetings, my name is juno; yes, I know it's a weird name."

[image]

"Symbolizing rebirth and new beginnings, the daffodil is virtually synonymous with spring. [...] Lore connecting the daffodil to not only a sign of winter's end but a lucky emblem of future prosperity is found throughout the world."

[image]